THE New Republic

Politics and
The Recession

By Helen Hill Miller

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By EUGENE RABINOWITCH

The Man Before Lincoln

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Washington Wire

To Hell With Economy

HARLOW CURTICE interests us because he is head of General Motors, the world's largest corporation. Anything he says must be so because GM gave him a $575,000 bonus in 1955, another $495,000 in 1956—and over the past 10 years bonuses of $3,930,000 in addition to a salary of $1,630,000.

The car purchaser, says Harlow Curtice, wants cars that are "lower, wider, longer and heavier," with faster engines. Disagree? Well, who paid *you* a bonus of $575,000?

Yet the funny thing is people aren't buying the new passenger cars. They have plenty of money, Harlow Curtice told the Senate Antitrust Committee last week, but they are "somewhat cautious" in buying. Car prices have been rising, sales skidding: 1955—7.2 million passenger cars sold; '56—6 million; '57—only 5.8 million (est.); '58—5.3 million (est.). The slump affects the whole US economy.

But cheap little no-gadget cars from Europe are scooting all over the place. Less than 60,000 imports in '55; over 90,000 last year; possibly double that in '57; maybe 200,000 this year. At home American Motors for the first time in its life is out of the red with its "Ramblers," and Wall Street rubs its eyes.

Harlow Curtice sizes up the average American: he wants his car as long as a yacht with the outside like a juke box and the inside like a boudoir. Would lower prices sell more cars, asked Chairman Kefauver? Good gracious, *No!* said Harlow Curtice—what the country needs is an "across-the-board tax cut" to put consumers in a buying mood.

This advice coming from the source it does in the midst of a recession which every Congressman knows to be worse than the Administration admits, is like dropping a match into a can of gasoline. It means Detroit is scared—so scared that Big Business (represented by Harlow Curtice) is willing to forget balanced federal budget, red ink and curly-haired George Humphrey. Harlow Curtice is telling the Administration to get going quick. (Poor Eisenhower is still assuring panicky Republicans—as he did last week—that they can run on "five years of prosperity!") So we predict (pardon us, Drew) that if things don't show real improvement in a month Congress will vote an anti-recessionary tax cut and to hell with economy.

The Heart of the Contest

"THE heart of the contest with the Soviet Union is education," Senator Fulbright (D, Ark.) told the Senate last week. It was one of the best speeches we have heard in a long while. Fulbright caught, and communicated, that sense of tragic astonishment which this column shares, that in the face of the Communist challenge the Administration is asking only half as much for federal aid to education this year as it asked last.

The most fascinating and perhaps most important story in the world today has been the subject of two recent articles on the front page of the *New York Times* by science writer Robert K. Plumb. Did you know (we did only vaguely) that it is a "widely accepted theory" of top physical philosophers that time "bends"? That, according to Einstein relativity, a clock put in an orbit at speeds of 18,000 miles an hour round the earth will show a slower time than an identical clock on earth? Sounds crazy all right and, if true, it modifies many of our scientific, philosophical and metaphysical concepts. We don't have enough space here to explain to you the Einstein theory of relativity and the "Lorentz transformation," but the point is that the moment is approaching when we may actually put our clock in orbit and find out pragmatically if time is "reversible" if our universe bends, and if Man must revise his concept of Nature and God.

A more mundane subject is the depletion allowance. Readers probably know that the US gas and oil industry gets a 27.5 percent tax exemption on certain portions of its revenue to compensate for supposed exhaustion of resources. Jack Steel, Scripps Howard staff writer, has just explained that "of all tax-avoidance gimmicks [this is] . . . the biggest windfall." TRB, in his younger days, thought the way to fight this outrage was by direct assault. He knows better now. Depletion allowance is gradually being eroded (and made ridiculous) by being extended. Every extractive industry is demanding "in." Even clam and oyster shell firms now get a 5-percent depletion allowance! Now comes the Texas Farm Bureau—it asks for a depletion allowance on irrigation wells; Howard Lindsay for the Authors League of America, Inc., recently asked the House Ways and Means Committee for a depletion allowance for writers (diminution of creative power); Rep. Alfred Santangelo (D, NY) has introduced HR 7609 to give depletion to professional athletes; the Supreme Court last fall ruled that brick, tile and cement companies could base their depletion allowance (from clay banks, believe it or not) not on the value of the raw clay but on their finished products—a vastly bigger loophole. That's the way to fight depletion allowance: don't kill it, join it; widen the racket to include everybody.

Notes

ALTHOUGH GOP political hope is restored by the orbiting US satellite, unfortunately for them (and us) Moscow may again put us in the shade by getting up its own third Sputnik. . . . Jim Hagerty is urged by White House colleagues not to use the word "we" so much when speaking for Eisenhower. . . . Lobby groups were just about to smother the House investigation of FCC and the regulatory agencies when a damaging and confidential report was adroitly "leaked" to Drew Pearson and the *New York Times*—a classic example of the Washington government - by - leak system. . . . Eisenhower gamely fights a slight speech impairment, smilingly tells friends he still has a thick tongue. Sen. Barry Goldwater (R, Arizona) thinks labor-Democratic cooperation in Michigan is a "menace far greater than Sputnik"; we think Goldwater is an ambulatory time lag.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *Novelist of the Republic*

SIRS:

I WANT to express my appreciation and approval of Irving Howe's piece on Cozzens (*NR*, Jan. 27). I'm happy to see the middlebrows finally come in for a beating. After all, the highbrows and the lowbrows have been getting theirs for years, while the middlebrows have

(Continued on page 23)

Something for Nobody

IF WE MAY for a moment lower our eyes from the orbiting *Explorer* to some of the mundane realities in Mr. Eisenhower's Budget Message, it will be seen that in the name of missiles a great many things are going to turn up missing in America—if the President has his way. We had had no warning in Mr. Eisenhower's State of the Union address that he meant to declare war on domestic progress. On the contrary, he explicitly said that,

> We must never become so pre-occupied with our desire for military strength that we neglect those areas of economic development, trade, diplomacy, education, ideas and principles where the foundations of real peace must be laid.

But war it is. The President wishes to wipe out $4.4 billion in "civil benefits" in '59 from the $20.4 billion estimated for '58. He wishes also to:

—Turn public assistance programs back to the states. "These programs are now well-established and the individual states have gained experience as to appropriate levels of assistance." Where they are to gain the added funds to maintain these "appropriate levels" the President does not tell us.

—"Gradually reduce" funds for federally affected school areas, from $226 million to $131 million, then terminate them.

—Raise the interest rate on College Housing Loans and shift them to private hands—making it harder for the colleges to house the new students to whom the Administration is offering scholarships.

—Cut back our fight against cancer and heart disease. In his State of the Union address the President proposed that the US and the USSR pool their efforts in research against these two great killers. Yet his Budget would reduce funds for the National Cancer Institute from $56.4 million to $55.9 million and for the National Heart Institute from $35.9 million to $34.7 million. He also would have us reduce federal grants for hospital construction and funds for control of tuberculosis and venereal and other communicable diseases.

—Curtail meteorological research in the face of warnings from scientists that knowledge of the means for international weather control could be as important in the future as control of nuclear energy.

—Require local governments to share the cost of planning urban-renewal projects from the start, and cut federal participation to half.

—Reduce grants to states for library service from $5 million to $3 million.

—Cut the agricultural conservation program from $235 million to $125 million in the next crop year.

—Send REA electric and telephone borrowers to private lenders, and increase rates on government loans.

And finally, an alarming as well as an ironic aspect of the Eisenhower Budget is that it does not even satisfy the reasonable demands of the

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military. True, the total requested appropriation is an increase of about $2.5 billion for '59 over '58, but much of that will go into missiles and pay increases. The more conventional forces will be short-changed. Army divisions will be further reduced; the re-equipment and modernization of the Army will be slowed down.

Fortunately, within the past week 21 national organizations interested in education, health, housing and labor have united informally to plan a common defense against the President's budgetary attack. Their success will turn on the determination of the Democrats to appear once again in this election year as the ones most devoted to public welfare.

New York's Opportunity

AVERELL HARRIMAN has a rare opportunity to demonstrate his appreciation of quality. Democrats of New York State must soon choose their nominee to oppose Republican Senator Irving Ives next November, and since Harriman, in his try for re-election, will head the ticket this year, the final choice of a Senate candidate will be largely his.

Those most prominently mentioned for the designation are Frank Hogan, New York City District Attorney; former Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas E. Murray; and former Secretary of the Air Force Thomas K. Finletter. There is some, not very serious, talk of former party boss James A. Farley and Mayor Robert Wagner. Tammany Hall leader Carmine de Sapio and other leading party regulars favor Hogan. He would have an advantage, they think, as a Catholic, well known from the headlines about his racket busting in the key metropolitan area. But Governor Harriman knows that there are few men in the country better qualified to serve in the US Senate than Mr. Finletter, that he is rooted in the great tradition that has produced such New Yorkers as Mr. Harriman himself, as well as Elihu Root, Henry L. Stimson, Franklin Roosevelt and Herbert Lehman—all of whom were drawn to public life by a sense of social responsibility, rather than by the temptations of power or privilege.

Mr. Finletter's unusual qualifications for the Senate are evident from the mere listing of past activities: Special Assistant to the Secretary of State, Consultant to the US Delegation to the San Francisco conference which founded the United Nations, Chairman of the President's Air Policy Commission, Minister in charge of the ECA Mission to the United Kingdom, as well as Secretary of the Air Force from 1950 to 1953 and the author of books and articles on foreign policy.

It is said to be a question whether the Democratic machine of New York State will take advantage of Mr. Finletter's availability. Those who were committed in 1956 to Governor Harriman's campaign for the Presidential nomination might wish to penalize Mr. Finletter (and themselves) for his early and consistent support of Adlai Stevenson over Mr. Harriman. But because the Governor of New York is no ordinary politician, he will surely not put pique above the best interests of his Party and country.

Our Guilty Advertisers

THE COVER of the current *Harper's* is big with a question: "What is advertising good for?" Undoubtedly a considerable conundrum. Reasonable answers might range all the way from, "Why, nothing at all," to "Well you might ask!"

The question receives no flippant treatment inside *Harper's* at the hands of Mr. Martin Mayer, who has been sufficiently provoked by it to spend 18 months "researching and writing a book about this peculiar industry." The inquiry is a serious one, if for no other reason than that something should be done about "the morale of advertising men themselves, who seem to be haunted by recurring doubts about their value to society."

The unspoken moral premises from which Mr. Mayer proceeds in laying these self-doubts are absolutely unsettling. The values which advertising adds to a product, he is frank to concede, may not be real. But in the market place, not even a hair perhaps divides the false from true. What sells is real. And then this crowning sentence: "The history of human vice indicates that values widely regarded as false will always seem real enough to command a price in the market place." And that, in Mr. Mayer's words, ought to "make the advertising community less guilt-ridden and contentious." Certainly no more guilt-ridden than any community of panders.

FCC Investigation

THE Moulder Subcommittee of the House has come up with serious charges of venality and malfeasance among members of the Federal Communications Commission. These charges should be aired thoroughly. Commission members should be given every opportunity to reply to the charges. They should not be tried by headlines.

But while the press has centered almost all of its attention on these charges—they are colorful headline material—it would be most unfortunate if the probe of the FCC were stalled there.

There are, of course, many who would like to see this investigation killed or sidetracked. Rep. Oren Harris (D, Ark.), chairman of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee and an ex-officio voting member of the Moulder Subcommittee, is among these. A friend of the broadcast industry (in which he was a small-time investor until last week), Harris has taken

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pains to pre-select the members of the subcommittee, to handpick its staff and repeatedly to thwart its counsel, Bernard Schwartz. All of this has been done in amiable, but expert fashion.

Nor is Harris alone. White House pressure has been applied directly to Republican members of the subcommittee to blunt or limit the probe. Forming an iron unity with the Administration in this matter has been the powerful broadcast-electronics industry. Its mouthpiece, *Broadcasting* magazine, has already pictured the FCC commissioners as "seven being fired upon from ambush" and as "victims of a smear."

But sidetracking can be done in many ways, and a one-sided emphasis on the alleged wrong-doing of the commissioners could turn the subcommittee away from what ought to be its prime mission. The creeping rot in the FCC, familiar to political Washington even before the Moulder probe began, involves economic realities much more substantial than color TV sets and peanut-sized honorariums which FCC Commissioners are accused of taking from the industry they are supposed to regulate.

It involves the way in which the Radio Corporation of America, for example, has abused its patent rights to hog-tie the entire broadcast electronics industry—and done it with the active or passive consent of the FCC. Through a fantastic collection of patents, RCA is able to dominate the manufacture of television receivers, for instance, to the point that no matter what brand, type or model set you buy, you pay royalties to RCA. In other fields, too, RCA towers, a giant monument to the inability of our democratic society to deal successfully with monopoly.

It is FCC's role in setting technical standards, granting licenses, binding itself to antitrust issues, and favoring corporate bigness—especially RCA—that ought to be the main study of the Moulder Subcommittee.

Dr. Schwartz, whose employment by the subcommittee must be a constant source of regret to Harris, has recognized this. He has repeatedly, in private and in public, expressed a desire to go beyond individual instances of wrong-doing to the heart of the matter: the sociological and legal implications of public regulation as old-fashioned methods of antitrust control become increasingly inadequate.

We Announce With Pleasure

that Helen Hill Miller, whose article on "Politics and the Recession" appears on page 12, has joined *The New Republic* staff as a contributing editor. Mrs. Miller is the former Washington correspondent for *The Economist* and has written for *Newsweek, Harper's, The Virginia Quarterly* and *Congressional Quarterly*.

A New Russian Revolution

MR. KHRUSHCHEV's announcement of his intention to deprive the state-owned, machine-tractor stations (MTS) in the Soviet countryside of their traditional role as organizing centers for agricultural production and collection, and to sell the bulk of their equipment to the collective farms within the next two or three years, is a truly revolutionary step. In its importance for changing the economic and social structure of the Soviet Union, it can only be compared to two other post-Stalin measures: the reorganization of the methods and machinery of industrial planning, and the transformation of the slave labor camps into forced settlements of legally free workers. But in contrast to the industrial reorganization, the trend of the new measure clearly runs counter to the road toward Communism as mapped out by Stalin and up to now also by Khrushchev. And in contrast to the transformation of the labor camps, the new reform is not to be carried out in a shamefaced manner and almost by stealth, but in the full glare of propagandist publicity. It will thus be the Soviet regime's most public retreat to date from its own doctrinaire concepts of the right road to economic and social progress.

The whole event is a striking illustration of the limits which the facts of economic and social life and of competition with the non-Communist world nowadays set to the use of totalitarian state power even in the Soviet Union itself. Mr. Khrushchev has been remarkably successful in restoring the primacy of the party machine, and his personal leadership is now unchallenged—so much so that he can publicly announce the new policy before it has even been discussed by the Central Committee; but the policy itself is not what he would have wished to do, and meant to do only a few years ago.

Why, then, has it come about? Mr. Khrushchev tells us that it is a matter of costs. For their services, the state-owned, machine-tractor stations, are paid in kind by the collective farms, and the grain thus obtained forms a large part of the deliveries received by the state. In the past, it was very cheap grain; but since delivery prices were substantially raised by the post-Stalin concessions to the peasants, this grain is now more expensive to the state than that produced in the state farms. Having investigated why the costs are so high, the experts have found that one of the chief causes is the duplication of effort and staff caused by the fact that the collective farms do not own their chief means of production, but depend for them on the MTS; and now Mr. Khrushchev boldly suggests the duplication be ended altogether.

As an economic argument, it sounds convincing enough; but the most interesting things in it are the hidden political assumptions. The duplication was no more rational in Stalin's time than it is now; but then, the *kolkhoz* (collective farm) grain was cheap for the state, because the burden was borne by the peasants who

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did not earn a living wage. Mr. Khrushchev's first hidden assumption is thus that it is impossible to return to that state of affairs, that the delivery price of grain cannot now be lowered unless the real cost of production is lowered: progress can no longer be obtained by reducing incomes, only by increasing productivity.

Again, if the state farms produce more cheaply, it would be natural for the Communists to speed up the transformation of the collectives into state farms—the "higher form" according to their theory—rather than to strengthen the collective farms by selling out state-owned means of production to these private producers. But while many of the poorer collectives would welcome such a transformation if they got from the state a decent guaranteed minimum wage, the Soviet Government still cannot afford such a guarantee to the agricultural half of its population—and the alternative of *forcibly* transforming the collectives into state farms without an adequate wage guarantee is apparently ruled out. Rather than either putting up with continued high-cost production or using massive force against the peasants in Stalin's style, Khrushchev has thus preferred an economically rational solution even though it runs counter to his ideological beliefs.

☆

One important factor in that decision has evidently been last year's catastrophic drought in some of Khrushchev's virgin soil areas and their neighborhood — in Kazakhstan, the Urals and the middle and lower Volga—which is officially admitted to have been more severe than in the famine year of 1921. The Central Committee has now been forced to concede that it is necessary to leave the dry soils fallow for part of the time, even if this results in a temporary reduction of the total area under cultivation. But if the area can no longer be dramatically extended, the only hope for achieving Mr. Khrushchev's grain targets is to raise the average hectar yields which, 40 years after the Bolshevik revolution, are still on the same poor level as in Tsarist times. But to raise the yield, you must work *with* the peasant—not against him.

It does not follow that the Russian peasant has won the battle: There will be many an attempt to twist the new measure once again into a weapon of increased state control, both before and after it is finally adopted. But it does follow that the time is past when state power and ideology were the only factors deciding the evolution of Soviet society. Against the logic of Communism, which leads from collectivization through MTS to state farms, there now stands the logic of economics, which leads from better grain prices through the sell-out of the MTS toward the end of forced deliveries and a market relation between state and peasants, as in Yugoslavia and soon in Poland. It would be hazardous to predict which will prove the stronger in the long run.

COMMUNICATION

What Kennan Represents

SIRS:

YOUR EDITORIAL note on "Acheson and Kennan" (*NR*, Jan. 20) is not only strangely at variance with your own leading article on "Kennan's Advice" (*NR*, Jan. 6), but also it contains a serious distortion of Mr. Kennan's views and presents a grossly misleading picture of the state of opinion among America's European allies.

"When Mr. Kennan assumes," says the concluding sentence of your editorial,

> as he does assume in his Reith lectures, that international tension is as uncomfortable to the Russians as it is to the non-Communist World, and that we can end the Cold War by making concessions to demonstrate to the Kremlin our "good faith," most Americans are from Missouri.

Mr. Kennan assumes nothing of the kind; on the contrary, a large part of his second lecture was devoted to an analysis of Soviet motives which showed that there is not the slightest chance of "ending the Cold War" by "demonstrating to the Kremlin our good faith." What he proposes as you had pointed out a fortnight previously is not to end the Cold War by concessions, but to regain the initiative in it by a diplomatic move aiming to achieve the political freedom of the East European peoples, within the framework of an internationally guaranteed neutral zone, in return for a Western military withdrawal from the heart of Europe. There are, of course, risks in such a policy (and even greater risks in some of Mr. Kennan's military ideas, which are not necessarily linked with his main political point), just as there are risks in the present attempt to freeze the *status quo* in the only part of the world where the popular forces of change work clearly in favor of the West. But the argument between Kennan and the Dulles-Acheson axis is strictly about how best to conduct the Cold War not about whether the Cold War is really necessary.

The same applies, not indeed to all so-called supporters of Kennan in Europe—for it is true that a lot of woolly-minded bridgebuilders and semi-pacifists have sought to attach themselves to his coattails—but to all the thoughtful and the responsible people who have welcomed the basic idea of a diplomacy of "disengagement," without necessarily endorsing all Kennan's arguments. In Britain, where I live, these people include the editors of the *Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, *The Economist* and the *Observer* as well as Mr. Gaitskell, the leader of the opposition; elsewhere they include the heads of two member governments of NATO—those of Norway and Denmark. To "explain" the difference between them all and the present state of American opinion—without any examination of their arguments, simply on the basis of

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long-distance psychoanalysis—by the facile and arrogant assumption that "Americans feel responsible," while at least half the Europeans "feel helpless and resigned and hence are more prone to wishful thinking" is a grave disservice to the cause of understanding among allies.

I have not seen the analysis of Mr. Arnold Wolfers on which your note is based; but assuming that you quote him more accurately than you do Mr. Kennan, I affirm that he is completely wrong about Europe. The assumption "that Russia plans to dominate the world by any means that seem promising, so long as they do not entail excessive risk, and that this expansion must be actively opposed from a position of military strength sufficient to *make* the risks of military adventure seem excessive to the Russians" is *not* a partisan issue here in the sense that its supporters and its opponents are almost equal in strength; it is supported not only by the backers of official policy, but by all the "responsible Kennanites" whom I quoted above, including the leader of the Labour Party. Nowhere does the belief in Russian "good intentions" dominate the outlook of the official opposition; nowhere does it account for the impact of Kennan's ideas.

What, then, does account for it? Mr. Wolfers seems more to the point when he observes that "to the United States the Cold War is *war.*" If this meaningless slogan, this frightening substitute for political thought, accurately describes the American outlook, then indeed the difference is serious. In a war the main task is to destroy your opponent—chiefly by killing—though you go on trying to win over (or blackmail) the neutrals; in the Cold War, so long as it remains cold, the main object is to win over people, in allied, neutral and enemy countries alike. To ensure that it remains cold is, of course, a military task; but while it so remains, the actual conflict is fought out by political means. Yet the chief areas where this is being done are remote to the average American; hence the temptation to picture the Cold war as "war", *i.e.,* to see it in purely military terms. It is this "militarism" which has seemed to dominate American political thinking ever since Korea—not only under Dulles, but in the later years of Acheson as well—that is seen by many serious Europeans as the root cause of so many Western defeats in the Cold War; it is as standard-bearer of a rebellion against that, not as an apostle of appeasement, that Mr. Kennan has been greeted here.

One final word about "responsibility," "helplessness" and "wishful thinking." The Cold War and the arms race are burdensome, and the irresponsible tendency to escape from it into self-deception is nobody's monopoly —witness last year's defense cuts both here and in the US. But the capacity for courageous action is nobody's monopoly either. The blockaded Berliners did not feel or act "helpless and resigned"; nor did the Finns, neutral and with a Soviet base on their territory until 1954; nor do the Austrians, neutral but undivided about the nature of Soviet policy which they know at first hand. "We Americans are convinced of Russian expansionist intentions," you write, "and know from experience that if these intentions are to be frustrated only we can do it." No, sir: nobody can do it without your backing—but only the threatened peoples themselves can do it. Because the Syrians would not, *you* were helpless; because the peoples of Europe were *not* resigned, you now have the opportunity to turn the tables on the Soviets in pressing for an expansion of freedom.

London RICHARD LOWENTHAL

No Alternative to Peace

by EUGENE RABINOWITCH

IN AN ARTICLE "Alternative to Security," (*Foreign Affairs,* December, 1957), Dr. Edward Teller presents an admirably clear, concisely written, and most persuasive pleading for what I believe is a most dangerous theory: that war with wide use of nuclear (or even thermonuclear) weapons, properly conducted, can lead to victory without destruction of the major contending nations or of the countries where the campaign may be waged.

In this article, and in recent Congressional testimony, Dr. Teller appealed to the United States to make the conduct of such a war possible by the development of highly mobile, commando-like units, a variety of nuclear weapons suitable for use by such units; of air transportation able to deliver them to any part of the world; and of a vast system of underground shelters permitting a large part of our nation to survive an all-out thermonuclear attack and resume productive life afterwards. (The existence of such a shelter system would

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EUGENE RABINOWITCH, *physicist and chemist, a member of the original Manhattan Project—the special military agency of World War II that perfected the first atomic bomb—and research professor at the University of Illinois since 1947, is editor of* The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists.

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be important to persuade the enemy to accept defeat in a local conflict, rather than attempt to cripple our power at its source.)

The main reason for the jeopardy in which mankind finds itself in our time is the discrepancy between the revolution in science and technology and the stagnant state of international society. This aspect of the crisis is even more fundamental than the conflict between Communist totalitarianism and free society, not to speak of that between the Soviet Russian empire and the American-led Western alliance. Ideological or religious controversies, as well as power contests between empires, have been the stuff of history for thousands of years, and humanity has survived them all. They were ultimately resolved either by the arbitration of arms, or by mutual accommodation. Sometimes, as between Islam and Christianity, a long sequence of armed conflicts had to follow each other, until peaceful adjustment became possible.

In our time, a sharp clash of two contradictory ideologies is superimposed on a violent contest between two mighty rival powers; and an attempt to resolve this double conflict by force could lead to the destruction of both contestants—perhaps, with fatal damage to the whole human race. Similar apprehensions have been entertained in the past, and have proved exaggerated; increased destruction of recent wars has been more than matched by mankind's increased capacity for reconstruction—of which Germany after World War II offers the most striking example. However, comparison of the present situation with the pre-atomic past is irrelevant. Atomic energy has multiplied man's destructive power by a factor of a million, without changing to any similar extent his constructive capacity.

Under these conditions, there are only two alternatives to an all-destructive nuclear war: Either the society of nations will be changed, psychologically or organizationally (or both) so as to make war between its parts impossible; or — if the historically developed nature of world society is to remain essentially unchanged — nations will restrain themselves in all future wars from making full use of their destructive capacities. Those among us who are unable to believe that mankind is capable of transforming itself, in the foreseeable future, into a single commonwealth, naturally place their hopes in the second alternative. They devise schemes for depriving future wars of the maximum possible destructiveness, while preserving the traditional role of arms as ultimate arbiters of international conflicts. Most of the official thinking on international affairs—in the West as well as in the East—as well as most speculations on this subject by historians and political or military scientists, are based (consciously or subconsciously) on the expectation that mankind will return to the state when wars were

A Fallout Fable

Thus Spake the

Long, long ago, in a fair and happy land far away, the good citizens gathered together to choose a new king. The choice soon narrowed to two fearless knights, both noble men and worthy of great office. Both men had wrought wondrous deeds in their day, but in the heat of their competition for public esteem, they had turned to finding fault, one with the other.

The first knight said, "Why should you want him to be your leader? He is a good knight, it is true, but he has won no great battles. I have won many great battles and, moreover, I can cause oobleck to fall from the skies. Time was when only sunshine, rain, and snow could fall on our kingdom."

The second knight then said, "Yes, oobleck can now fall from the sky and full credit is due for this great achievement, but oobleck is bad for you people. Oobleck will make you sick! Can he who would cause the oobleck to fall also cause the oobleck to disappear?"

The first knight then replied, "You ask too much. This I cannot do. Besides, the oobleck will protect you from your enemies!"

Whereupon, the people were sorely troubled. To help them find the true meaning in these arguments, the people called on the three magicians who lived in a cave on the nearby mountain, and were wise in all things.

"Which knight speaks the truth, oh Wise Men?" asked the people. "Will oobleck protect us? Will oobleck make us sick?"

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The first magician who was the youngest but the cleverest of the three quickly answered, "Oobleck can make you sick."

The second magician, who was older than the first, but not so quick of wit, pondered a moment, then with great dignity said, "Oobleck will protect you!"

The third magician, oldest and wisest of the three, did not reply for a time. Finally, he said quietly, "Return on the morrow, and I will speak the truth for you."

The next day, the people gathered to hear the wise man speak. He rose sadly and, raising his hands to quiet them, said very slowly, "I promised to tell you the truth of the matter. It is this: oobleck may protect you and also make you sick."

Whereupon, the people were very angry with the magicians. "What manner of thing is this?"

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Third Magician

they cried. "This is no sensible answer at all!" They then took to arguing, one fellow with another. And so it went for many days. At last, one man spoke out in a very loud voice, "What has all this to do with choosing our king? I have been sick many times. I am not afraid of sickness. What would happen to me if I were unprotected? This I do not know, and it makes me sore afraid."

This seemed to satisfy the people, so they chose the first knight, the winner of many battles, the oobleck-maker, to be their king.

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The people were very happy with their new king, for he was kind and gentle and the people prospered under his reign. He caused the oobleck to fall and the kingdom was protected.

But some few men, seeing more and more oobleck fall, wondered at the sight. They asked an audience with the king, who patiently explained to them in simple words, "I, too, would like to see the skies free of oobleck again, but our enemies, the Kingdom to the East, they also are making oobleck to protect themselves. This oobleck they make falls on our lands as well as theirs. Moreover, this oobleck does not protect us. Even our friends of the Northern Kingdom make oobleck, much of which comes to our fields and streams. Because of these many reasons, we must continue to make more oobleck for our own protection. But, because you are troubled, I will ask the three magicians what we should do."

So the troubled men went away, pleased with their king. Straightway, the king sent for the first magician and asked him, "What shall I do? My people are troubled by the oobleck which falls."

Pleased that the king would listen to him, the young magician gave this advice: "O King! We know that oobleck can make the people sick. We must find out how much oobleck lies on the ground, in the streets and in the rivers. Then, we can easily judge when too much oobleck is falling and act accordingly. This will comfort people."

"You are very wise," said the king. "It shall be done as you say." And he quickly sent for the second magician to make sure this was a good thing.

But the second magician frowned when he heard of these things. "Yes," said he, "it is well to know how much oobleck lies on the ground, in the streets, and in the rivers. But, the rain washes

inevitable and acceptable, even if deplorable, extremes of power contests and ideological conflicts between nations. Even much of contemporary thinking on disarmament is inspired by the hope that, by getting rid of atomic weapons, nations will re-acquire the freedom to pursue their interests in the world arena by all means, including the use of force—now badly cramped by the threat of atomic destruction (as the Suez crisis has clearly revealed).

Other, more realistic, thinkers admit that atomic weapons cannot be effectively eliminated from national arsenals—any more than nations could have returned to the use of bows and arrows after muskets and cannons had become available. They see clearly that it is technically impossible to ensure, in the age of atomic plenty, complete atomic disarmament of sovereign nations in peacetime; and even if it were possible, once a war would start, all controls would break down and nations would immediately begin to accumulate (and ultimately use) atomic weapons.

SOME of those who have no illusions on this point, nevertheless hope to prevent all-out destructiveness of a future war; but instead of "prohibiting" or "eliminating" atomic weapons, they hope for a—unilateral or internationally agreed—restriction on the size of these weapons, or on the targets against which they will be used. In a "limited" nuclear war, with "tactical" nuclear weapons—so they argue—a defeat may be acceptable to the loser, and victory politically profitable to the winner. Discussions of atomic strategy along these lines have been pursued by many military writers—Admiral Buzzard and Air Marshal Slessor in England and Dr. Kissinger in America, among others. The strong appeal of these ideas is suggested by the enthusiastic reviews of Dr. Kissinger's book. However, their acceptance is by no means unanimous.

The well-known military analyst Hanson Baldwin of the *New York Times* is, for example, skeptical as to the possibility of preventing cities and populations from being destroyed in a "limited" atomic war along with military installation and troop concentrations. Most scientists share this skepticism. They are too keenly aware of the immense power of the fissioned or fusioned nucleus—compared to the "chemical" weapons used in all past history—to think of it as something with which mankind can play on the battlefields and, by adhering to certain safety rules, not blow itself up to kingdom come.

Now, in the article by Dr. Teller, we find the case for limited war with nuclear weapons presented with the greatest persuasiveness and optimism, by a uniquely qualified scientist; and Dr. Teller obviously thinks in this connection, not of a peripheral war, fought in sparsely-populated areas—deserts of Arabia, jungles of Africa, or steppes of Central Asia—but of a war in

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highly-populated and industrialized areas. His arguments suggest—although he does not say so explicitly—that he has in mind something like a war of support for the Hungarian revolution of 1956. He believes that a war of this kind could be carried out by rapidly-transported, commando-like units, armed with nuclear and thermonuclear weapons, which would be used only against troops and military objectives, not against cities.

He argues that since a future war will be decided with weapons on hand, the military importance of cities as centers of war production — which justified their destruction in World War II—will have disappeared. He also thinks that in a nuclear commando war, as he envisages it, the sympathy and help of native populations will be an important, perhaps decisive, factor.

The use of thermonuclear weapons in such a war obviously is predicated on the existence of relatively small fusion bombs with little fallout ("clean" H-bombs), so that no radioactive poisoning of large areas will occur, and damage to health and heredity of the population will be small. The importance of developing such weapons is, in Dr. Teller's opinion, a decisive argument against the cessation of nuclear weapons tests.

If the conditions he suggests are fulfilled, Dr. Teller thinks, a limited nuclear war can be "fought in a humane way"—as humane, he says, as *any* war can be.

Coming from a scientist with Dr. Teller's intimate knowledge of thermonuclear weapons, this argumentation must appear doubly persuasive to the military, searching for ways to exercise their profession in future without destroying mankind; and to politicians whose tradition-bound thinking refuses to conceive the possibility of ending once for all, in any foreseeable time, the division of mankind into sovereign fractions, which according to all human experience sooner or later clash in wars.

HOW MUCH wishful thinking, however, goes into Dr. Teller's encouraging picture! His reasoning seems to imply that by tacit agreement, cities will not be used as bases and storage points for weapons, or operational bases (or sanctuaries) for the military units—not only by the side sympathetic to the aspirations of the population of these cities, but also by forces intent only on keeping their control over the country! It implies that this self-restraint will be maintained even in the face of approaching defeat, and that the contested country will be abandoned to the victors without a radioactive version of "scorched earth"—which could make it unusable, for an indefinite time as staging area for another campaign, to be fought closer to (or on) the defeated power's home grounds. It disregards the likelihood that several local "defeats" may endanger the very existence of a totalitarian political system, and thus make the temptation to

A Fallout Fable

the oobleck into the rivers and the rivers carry the oobleck to the sea. This oobleck will not make the people sick. You must find out how much of the oobleck gets on the people themselves. This above all is the most important. Unless you know this, you cannot comfort the people."

"You are exceedingly wise," said the king. "It is a difficult thing you ask, but it shall be done."

"Surely," thought the king, "we now will be safe and protected, too. The people will be comforted also." So he called for the third oldest magician, fully expecting to be congratulated for his good sense.

But the old man grew angry when he heard all that had come to pass. "Of what import is it to know how much oobleck is anywhere?" he cried. "Can you tell me how much oobleck will come to us from the Kingdoms of the West and of the North? What of the kingdoms to the West and South? Will they not someday send oobleck to our fields and rivers? Of even greater importance, can you tell me how it is that oobleck makes men sick? Or, how much oobleck our good citizens can tolerate and yet remain well? Until you can answer these questions, it will avail you little to measure the oobleck here, there, or anywhere!"

"Fie on you, Old Man," said the king angrily. "We can measure oobleck and this we shall do. The questions you ask, how can they be answered?"

"It is of little good to ask only questions that are easily answered, Sire," replied the old magician. "The questions I ask are the important ones. It is true that they are very difficult. It will take many men many generations to find the answers. If this is not soon enough for your purposes, look to yourself, oh King! Only you can keep the oobleck from falling, but first you must needs find other ways to protect your people."

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"Foolish One!" cried the king, now even more angry than before. "Of what good is it to me to seek answers that will not be learned until after I am dead? How should I keep the oobleck from falling? Would you have me visit the Kingdom of the East? I am not honored in the land of my enemies!"

"So it is, my Lord. It comes to all men that one day we need not only our friends but our enemies also. See, on this parchment I have inscribed some riddles which must be solved before you can resolve your manifold problems. Study them. You will learn that they cannot be answered by knowledge alone—even knowledge that we do not yet possess. Only by the good will and good deeds of kings and men can some elements be resolved."

"You are mad!" cried the king. "You ask for years of study which will not even then, answer

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our needs of today. You ask me to obtain good deeds from evil men." So saying, the king banished the old magician from the kingdom. Privily, however, the king was troubled by all that had been said, and many times thereafter, he consulted the parchment which the old magician had left. But, he could make no sense of its strange symbols.

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For a time, the country prospered and the oobleck continued to fall and was measured carefully as it fell. So protected, the people were very happy. But it came to pass that some men grew sick and died—only a few at first—and the people did not mind. Later, the good king himself grew ill and he called for the banished magician to be brought to him in his illness. But the magician could not be found. This troubled the sick king greatly, for he could no longer remember what it was that the old Wise Man had said and he could not decipher the symbols on the parchment.

One night, pondering on these matters, the old king passed away. The people were saddened at the loss of so great a leader. But they knew it must be so with all men and, with heavy hearts, they gathered together again to choose them a new king.

Many, many years later, it happened that archeologists, digging for historical treasures of the long forgotten kingdom, discovered by chance the old magician's parchment.

For a time, the symbols puzzled them, but great was their knowledge, and soon they had deciphered the riddles. The archeologists were amazed when they understood the meaning of the old man's writings. "Oobleck is good only if it benefits man more than it harms him," they translated. "The arrow, the sword, the lance, none of these gave security to our people. Nor, in the long view, will oobleck. The man who wielded the sword unwisely does not suddenly become wise when given a more powerful weapon. On the other hand, the hazards to man of oobleck cannot be judged. With several kingdoms causing oobleck to fall, who in one kingdom can say how much oobleck will come from the several? We do not know how oobleck makes men sick and, therefore, also we know not how much oobleck will cause how much harm. To choose a road of unknown dangers which returns again to the starting place, is an action born of compulsion, the folly of an animal devoid of wit."

"Is it not strange," thought the archeologists, "that a people having such wise and perceptive writings should have vanished from the earth?"

WILLIAM F. NEUMAN

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strike at the political and industrial centers of its enemy well-nigh irresistible. How lightly Dr. Teller is willing to take the terrible risk of war *not* being played to the end, in accordance with his ground rules, is illustrated by his answer to his own question: "What will happen if the enemy will not abide by the use of 'clean' thermonuclear weapons, but resort to 'dirty' weapons with large radioactive fallout?" The answer is: "He will then lose supporters!"

IT IS EASY to understand the desire of military (and of traditionalist political) thinkers to restore war to the status of something more rational than a mutual suicide of nations; or the desire of some of those responsible for the development of nuclear weapons to convince themselves and the public that these weapons could be used to good purpose, and are not merely a means to keep all nations—including our own—permanently paralyzed.

Even more understandable is the burning desire of many of us to see the most glaring iniquities of the present political set-up in the world removed, if not by other means, then by force. However, to rationalize these aspirations into a theory that war with nuclear weapons can be restricted and restrained until it qualifies again as Clausewitz' "continuation of foreign policy by other means," is—or so it seems to this writer—one of the most dangerous delusions to which nations and their leaders can abandon themselves. The only justification—and a precarious and temporary one—for the development of A- and H-weapons, whether they be "clean" or "dirty"; for the improvement and creation of new vehicles for their instantaneous long-range delivery; for the erection of a vast system of shelters, and for all the other paraphernalia of contemporary "defense," is the fact that their existence reduces the probability of the outbreak of war, and thus gives mankind some additional time to "think things over," and to adjust itself to living in the atomic age.

In other words, the *raison d'être* of these weapons is to *prevent* war, not to *win* it. The sooner and more completely our nation and others become aware of this unprecedented—perhaps grotesque, but true—state of affairs, the sooner they will be psychologically ready to approach the crisis of our time in a truly open-minded, constructive way. They will then begin to search for ways to adjust international society to the realities of the scientific and technological revolution, instead of frantically and vainly exploring the possibility of undoing what this revolution has done to man's destructive capacities. I believe that it is a disservice to mankind to delay the full realization of the depth of the world crisis by talking either about "elimination of nuclear weapons" from future warfare, or of their "human" use.

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Politics and Recession

The 1958 Handicap

by HELEN HILL MILLER

WITHIN the past three weeks, the main alternatives for dealing with this recession in this election year have become visible. The President, in his State of the Union message, said: "There are solid grounds for confidence that economic growth will be resumed without an extended interruption"; his budget and his Economic Report are based on that view. From Capitol Hill, various Democratic Senators have made cause-and-cure speeches—one by Paul Douglas ended with a reference to "hucksters of sugared rose water." The Joint Committee on the Economic Report has heard panels of private economists with backgrounds ranging from the National Industrial Conference Board to the AFL-CIO. Walter Reuther and Harlow Curtice have exchanged opening rounds preparatory to the auto industry's forthcoming wage negotiations. The Keyserling-oriented Conference on Economic Progress has issued "Wages and the Public Interest," charting the losses sustained when the economy operates at less than capacity. The Federal Reserve has said little, but again reduced the discount rate.

So the milling around at the starting gate is mostly over; very shortly, the horses will be off on the 1958 Handicap. The race has one confusing aspect. Each owner is ready to prove that his entry is by Sputnik out of Full Employment. Yet each is a horse of a different color, and each jockey wears silks that are the traditional and identifiable symbols of a well-known stable.

Meanwhile the railbirds, amateur and professional, are exchanging knowing and incompatible judgments on the condition of the track, how it got that way, and the likely qualities of the entries in negotiating this sort of going.

Those who say the track is faster than most people think, suggest that this is in part an inventory recession, somewhat comparable to the two preceding dips. The Economic Report notes that in 1957's "final quarter inventories were being reduced, on balance, at an annual rate of $3 billion, or possibly more. . . ." These are the optimists: once shelves have been cleared, new orders cause a pickup, temporary, perhaps, but still a pickup; it might come this spring.

A larger group, who believe that the track will prove fairly heavy, underline the importance of the capital goods recession, citing the National Industrial Conference Board's estimate that "authorizations for new investment by the 1000 biggest manufacturing companies were 31 percent less during even the third quarter of 1957 than they were during the corresponding quarter of 1956."

Certainly the impact exerted on the economy by the steep rise in expenditures for new plants and equipment, from $26.83 billion in 1954 to $37.03 billion in 1957, is now spent: the annual rate for such investment in the first quarter of 1958 is estimated at $35.52 billion as compared with $36.89 billion a year before.

And the productive capacity which recent investment has put in place seems, for the time being, to have outrun the capacity of consumers to absorb its output in a number of important lines. The Detroit automobile man who said, "They've just *got* to buy the new models; we have so much money in them," may have a shock coming.

For even before industry stepped up its capital investment, consumers had been making major investments in their kinds of capital equipment: first housing and then durables to fill the garage and equip the kitchen, the utility room, the TV-hi-fi corner. More and more, the market for these has become a replacement market.

The multitude of private decisions, by individuals and by corporation boards, which caused these changes in the condition of the track, are taken by the rail birds as the sun and the rain, with only general grumbling. But their comment on other factors in the running includes personal epithet directed at the track's management and those of its membership who also have entries in the 1958 Handicap.

Tight money has not only been an economic fact of the last months, it has been a policy. For two years, the Federal Reserve has been a crusader against inflation; in putting on the brakes against a too-rapid rise, did it hold the pressure too long, and cause a slowdown? Does hindsight now prove that Reserve Board Chairman Martin should have seen the start of a recession in December, 1956, when the Fed's index of industrial production hit a peak of 147?

Or are the current disabilities of the economy service-

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connected? During the last half of 1957 was an important downward fillip given by the sudden $2 billion cutback in new orders for military hardware that came after Humphrey-Wilson-Eisenhower, with the debt-limit in mind and budget-balancing in view, clamped an expenditure ceiling on the Pentagon last mid-summer?

Such questions bring the talk around to specific horses —which ones have what it takes, and how well will they be handled? To take three heavily-backed favorites!

Reserve Champion. If monetary policy continues to be the front runner, will the Fed establish itself as a versatile horse, good when the track is fast, and good again when it is soggy? Its fanciers advance the following points for use in judging its conformation:

1. Last September, as soon as the change of Secretaries at the Treasury took effect, an informal committee composed of Treasury Secretary Anderson, Presidential Economic Adviser Hauge, Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Saulnier and Reserve Board Chairman Martin was formed for occasional meetings with the President. This gives Administration members a 3-to-1 advantage in putting their views to Martin in the presence of the President. But it gives Martin:

(a) more frequent access to the President, with less speculation than when special appointments appeared on his calendar;

(b) a chance to approach simultaneously, and at times to find a mutually agreed meeting of minds, among a group whom he formerly had to see piecemeal;

(c) a mechanism which he can display to Congressman Wright Patman, perennial easy money advocate and intrepid member of the House Banking and Currency Committee, in satisfaction of Patman's insistence that the Fed should be more responsive to the Administration.

2. The Fed has obtained wide publicity for its change of direction last November when its often-raised discount rate was showily cut; and in addition to its psychological impact, the switch saved the bond market at a time when the Treasury's head was bumping on the debt ceiling.

3. The reduction in margin requirements for stock-market operations in January was made with even more attention to psychology: by coming as a surprise, it caused a market rally as an initial reaction; with more "conditioning," Wall Street would have concluded that the Fed too was a prophet of gloom and doom.

4. Then there is the matter of the System's reserve requirements. Differentials now exist between central city, reserve city and country banks. Relaxation of these differentials would make available sizeable sources of credit now frozen as reserves. Fed Chairman Martin has stated at Congressional hearings that the present system of reserves is outmoded. Agreement as to how and when to reach a different level is being sought within the System, and the American Bankers Association also has a committee taking a look.

The Fed now possesses the legal discretion to change the relations between the requirements for central city and reserve city banks, but to reorganize the entire structure would necessitate Congressional revision of the Federal Reserve Act. Normally, this might be difficult, but a proposal which would have a marked effect on greater credit availability could hardly fail to please Congressman Patman—and the credit feature might carry over the line other changes that in another context would have rougher going—among them an upgrading, salary-wise and therefore in status and protocol, of the head of the Federal Reserve System to a position more on a par with the Secretary of the Treasury.

Executive Suite. Touters of the Administration horse put great emphasis on Sputnik's success as a sire. Congress is being asked to provide new obligational authority for major national security purposes of $44.3 billion for fiscal year 1959 compared to an estimated $41.0 billion for fiscal 1958 and an enacted $41.3 billion for fiscal 1957. At the same time, a spurt of economic speed at the 1958 getaway is being arranged under existing authority; the lag which set new orders back to $7.9 billion during last July-December is being compensated by a push toward $13.4 billion worth between January and July, 1958. These orders are bankable; and while the prime contractors will take a little while to get into production, they will hold onto their work force and start subcontractors working promptly. New order recipients are fairly concentrated—auto manufacturers have little to gain, and while aircraft companies do stand to gain through the missile program, the factories in which they make airplanes will not be much affected. But purchasing power will be put into circulation. At the same time, contracts for less spectacular items—standard textiles, for instance—used by the military can stimulate recovery by being bunched now instead of spread out over the year. Later on, the levelling out of such orders will again be deflationary, as will the civilian cutbacks recommended in the budget, but meanwhile the economy may pick up momentum again.

Capitol Cloakroom. Enthusiasts for horses from the Democratic stable, by contrast, stress past successes of colts from Full Employment. In Congress they may well raise certain budget items above the levels asked for by the President. Before the session is over, to the $3 billion expected to be approved for additional defense, perhaps as much as an extra billion may be voted into the economy for civilian measures—housing, reclamation, urban redevelopment and slum clearance, veterans, roads; it would be more if a school construction bill should pass.

Even more than in most races, the upcoming handicap

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will gain in interest as the finish line at next November's polls comes closer. By March, when the February figures on unemployment are published, the railbirds will be able to see how sticky the track really is, and perhaps hedge a bet or two. In January, nearly one-third of the major labor market areas in the country—45 of them, and the largest number since November 1954—were classified as having substantial unemployment. Last November, Secretary of Labor Mitchell began to warn of rising unemployment totals and last week he predicted that 4 to 4.5 million would be unemployed this month. Because of recent increases in the number of workers covered by unemployment insurance, the present all-time highs in claims are not comparable with previous recessions, but the figure of 3.4 million unemployed in December is expected to rise in February to a figure even higher than Secretary Mitchell allows. In addition to unemployment, there is increasing underemployment, with workers on involuntary short time; overtime has practically disappeared, and average weekly hours in manufacturing were down to 39.3 in December as compared with 41.0 a year before. The newest unemployment, moreover, is among men in their prime working years. So the purchasing power of many wage earners is undergoing attrition.

The professional dopesters who have just testified before the Joint Economic Committee came up with a nearly unanimous opinion that while industrial investment will still maintain a high total, and consumer income will still continue strong, they do not see any firm factor inherent in the economy that is likely to push into resumed growth soon.

If their judgment seems accurate as the finish line of the race comes near, the jockeys will have two options: They can use the spur of increased government spending. Or they can lay on the whip of a tax cut. If they use the spur, central direction can be given to the new spending, and whose who view with alarm a growing deficit of civilian facilities—schools, roads, hospitals—at a time of rising population will prefer this form of stimulus. If they use the whip—an increase in tax exemption levels for individuals or their dependents, for instance—they will provide, uniformly across the country and in hands that will not hold it long, a quick access of purchasing power. Down the home stretch, the jockeys on the frontrunners will watch each other closely to see whether the race is to be completed without these forms of stimulus, or whether to match the effort as soon as some arm is raised, some heel is active.

The Man Before Lincoln

by RICHARD L. STROUT

THERE'S an old stone stairway in the Capitol where sooner or later you meet practically anybody. Its narrow slabs corkscrew down the center of the building with hardly room to pass. At the bottom you can hear the murmur of sightseers but the winding stair itself is as lonely as a well. Some people say British soldiers used it when they burned the Capitol, and at any rate it's still a fast short-cut for a reporter to a telephone.

Around the curve of the stairway on the way up I ran into this odd figure—on his way down. We both stopped and stared. He looked as though he had come out of a daguerreotype. At first I thought he was off a movie set (they are always shooting scenes around Congress). Then I sensed intuitively that he must be a politician however he was dressed; you get to spot them after a while.

He wasn't more than five feet four, perhaps, with a body like a keg, a mane of black hair, formidable features and a kind of cocky masterfulness. What held you were the eyes.

"Well," he said. "I vum!"

"Double for me!" I said.

(We get a lot of freaks around the Capitol, from the old chap who never cuts his hair to the stalwart woman who wants a Vegetarian Amendment. But this lad was no freak.)

He twitched a quid from cheek to cheek, slapped a back pocket (where he might well have a gun) and looked at me like an undersized tiger deciding whether to pounce or purr.

"Douglas," he said. "Name's Douglas."

I yielded back to let him pass. Instead he grabbed my hand, gave it an Estes twitch, and dropped it. Politician all right.

"Hmm," I said. "Related to the Senator—?"

"Himself," he snapped.

"Why—*he's* from Illinois!"

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"The same," he said. "Constituent, eh?" Either he overjumped himself leaping to conclusions or he was just too cocky to care.

"There is no cabin, sir, in America, sir," he said, "to

I tried blinking—but he was still there. Stephen A. which the name Stephen A. Douglas is not familiar." Douglas . . . !

"And now I'll tell *you* something," he exclaimed. "I don't know at what steamboat landing you got your rig but you're a damn scribbler, sir. You write for the papers! I can smell the ink off'n you further than an outhouse, if you'll excuse a border man's plain-speaking, sir!

HE SHOVED a newspaper at me angrily. It was the *New-York Herald*—with the hyphen. There was a funny headline about "Buchanan" and a reference to the "Lecompton bill." But what caught my eye was something else. It was the date. It was "February 2" all right; that was correct. But the year—"1858."

My wife says I am careless about dates. Somehow I had misplaced a century.

Well, habit asserted itself. If he was sore about a story there was just one thing to do. I pointed at the headline. "Want to comment, Senator Douglas?"

It worked like a charm. "That senile antique!" he cried. "You want me to comment on President Buchanan —'Old Obliquity'?—the man who says slavery is a moral wrong but that he can't stop it, and who says states can't secede and he can't stop that either? This day is going down in history, sir! They'll speak of it 100 years from now."

"You mean 1958—they will, eh?" I said, wondering what he was talking about. There was a kind of openness about him that was refreshing. I must admit I found him attractive.

"Certainly, sir! See what old Hot-and-Cold has done: sent the 35th Congress a bill to admit Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, which is a travesty, sir, and will make it a slave state."

"So—you're against slavery?"

"Don't try to trap me, sir! I'm not *against* slavery. I'm not *for* slavery. But this Lecompton compromise is a fraud and if I voted for it, Illinois would defeat me for re-election this fall. You ask me what I'm for. Well, sir —I'm for bringing the proposed transcontinental railroad into Chicago, sir, by the northern route—even if it means making states out of every acre of the great plains, including Kansas over which it passes. I shall do that for Chicago, by God, sir—and my support has nothing to do with any investments I may, or may not, have in that city."

He threw out his chest and shot me a quick look at the same time. He wasn't quite so grand when he continued.

"Well, anyway, don't sell Chicago short," he said. "You must see the place. We had exactly 29,963 by the last census. There's no telling where we'll be 100 years hence—with that railroad."

"You might have three and a half million," I said.

He glared at me. "We might be as big as Boston," he said aggressively. "Or bigger. I had to trade off something for that, didn't I? When they blame me for repealing the Missouri Compromise and opening the North to slavery—remember the stakes I had. Old Buch can't blame me for that."

"Sir," I said, "will you tell me, sir, more about Buchanan, sir?"

(I was catching the trick).

"Hah, only 15 months since the election and you ask me *that*. I bet you voted for him in '56 yourself, heh? And now can't understand what's happened. Well—I voted for him, too—after leading him for 15 ballots at Cincinnati! I found I couldn't beat the two-thirds rule. And he made a little concession, too."

"Such as—?"

He winked. "Why do you think he said he wouldn't seek a second term, in his Inaugural?"

"What!" I exclaimed. "A lame duck President! Doesn't that weaken him with Congress?"

"Any President is weakened who won't, or can't, run again—it's a law of politics. And now trouble comes and voters find out what they bought, too late as usual—a compromising incompetent. They picked Buchanan, sir, because he's six feet tall" (he tiptoed as he mentioned Buchanan's height) "with a mass of white hair, and prays, sir, he prays. *And* because he was out of the country as Minister to England while I was making enemies in Congress. It's a law of politics, sir. Pick a Presidential candidate whose views you don't know. And now, sir, his health."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Ah, what? There's his heart trouble and ailimentary disorders. At that, he'll probably outlive Breckinridge; these old men do."

"How old is he?"

"Sixty-seven."

I remembered something. "Tell me, does he keep hands off Congress—take the position that he can only suggest?"

"Just the contrary! He meddles with Congress at all times. But he plays the game weakly and badly, sir, compromising when he should be firm and obstinate when he should be flexible. Now he swears he'll drive the Lecompton bill 'naked through Congress in 30 days.' He wants to get Kansas out of the way in plenty of time before the election."

"Whew—that's fast time for Congress. What committee gets it?"

"The Committee on Territories, sir, the king-pin committee of this generation since half the Great Plains want territorial status. The chairman of that committee, sir, is a force to reckon with."

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"I should think so. Who's chairman?"

"Me," he said. He had rather pudgy features but his grin was disarming. "The 'Little Giant.' The 'Steam-engine in britches'. By God, sir, I made Mr. James Buchanan President, and by God, sir, I will unmake him."

There's a disease for which there is no antidote and from which no man recovers. It's the Presidential bug. This man had it.

My, he was quick—he must have read my thoughts.

He winked. "I'm only 45," he said. "And '60's two years off."

"You're not *too* young?"

"Sir, I was seriously considered for the Presidency in my thirties. A majority wanted me in '58. Now history waits. This is a country of young men . . . many of them in dire distress right now, I'm sad to say."

"You don't mean — my Heavens! — does Buchanan have a *recession*?"

" 'Recession'? Is that some fancy phrase for 'panic'? You are a lucky man, sir, if you don't know the facts; my Chicago investments—yes, it's the 'Buchanan panic' of '58. Banks have no credit, speculators are ruined, crops rot on the farms now that the Crimean War is over and Russia is exporting wheat again. These visitations are periodic, sir. They come once in every generation like outbreaks of yellow fever. Since there is no way of preventing them we can only be thankful in the knowledge that they will pass."

WELL, that was resignation, anyway! I asked him if Congress couldn't do something, but he didn't seem hopeful. The pending pork-barrel bill would make some jobs, he said, but Buchanan was preaching thrift. They had even cut down the 'special $2 million fortifications bill' to $562,000. He said "Jeff Davis's Military Affairs Committee" was trying to put some back.

"For example," he said, "There's a little fort called Sumter."

"I've heard of it."

"I've forgotten the state—"

"South Carolina," I said.

"Oh—you've been there? Well, it was supposed to be finished in late '60. Now nobody can tell. And that's typical."

I had noticed a hammering outside for some time, muffled by the stone. It grew louder. I hadn't remembered any construction going on in the Capitol—but Douglas took it in his stride.

"The Senate will be in its new wing, soon," he said happily. "The House has moved already. And the Dome will be completed—Buchanan's successor will see it. We'll have wonders in '60—Peace, prosperity and the Great Dome."

Peace, prosperity, it was more than I could stand.

"Aren't you worried, sir—about the South I mean?"

He answered soothingly. "Now take the word of an experienced politician," he said. "We are moderns, sir. We are not living in the last century. Why should there be trouble when every attribute of self-interest binds us to cooperate? Sentiment—poetry—idealism—I distrust these, sir; never read two lines of poetry in my life. But self-interest I understand. Slaves are property, sir, and whatever you may think of them (and there's room for argument, I grant) men of property can understand each other, North *or* South. I'm a Westerner myself, but I know the South. They control Congress, sir. With the exception of one or two committees like mine, they hold the chairmanships of each, through seniority. Why should they throw away their political domination of Washington, sir, in a fit of pique? I grant you we live in dangerous times—I do not know when the land has more needed a strong hand. Instead, we have watery Buchanan! Yes," he added comfortably, "it should be a lesson to us that the American President must be strong."

The noise rumbled in our hollow chamber like a drum.

"Where's the leadership to come from?" I demanded.

He smiled. "Let's wait to '60 to see," he said.

I imagine he had never felt a doubt in his life but a little shadow crossed his brow.

"A politician thinks of the next election," he mused, "a statesman of the next generation. Maybe I've been too much of a politician. But give me time. I *had* to have my railroad—do you understand? I never guessed it would touch off this Kansas prairie fire. Buchanan's trying to blow it out—and spreading it. Well, give me two years—re-election as Senator this fall in Illinois, then the big jump in '60. I can't turn back, sir, I've taken the through train and checked all my luggage. When I arrive at the depot I'll finish the Big Dome."

"And meanwhile—?"

His face clouded again. "The contagion of Buchanan's confusion spreads over the country, sir, and dulls the people to their danger." He paused for a moment, fingering the newspaper. "I must get back to the committee."

A sunset ray pierced a small window and bathed the floor with red—a window I had always remembered covered.

"Please—just one more question! How about your contest in Illinois this fall? I mean your re-election. Do you have strong opposition?"

"Nothing," he said confidently. "Nothing at all!" He rose on tiptoe. "I hate these tall men," he said.

The pounding was louder now and I had to raise my voice; it sounded like musketry.

"What's his name?" I shouted.

"Nobody you ever heard of," he said. "Name of Lincoln."

He walked jauntily down the stone stair.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Kilroy is Here

by William Bittner

MR. VAN WYCK BROOKS, a chronic layer of imprecations on the avant-garde (chronic since 1916, when he belonged to it) has been scolding the young writers of today for being detached from the "main body of the intellectuals." Although, in an article first published in the *New York Times Book Review* and reprinted in *From a Writer's Notebook*, he named no names, he claimed that the avant-garde controls a "chain of critical reviews" and the summer writers' conferences; they "flock to the universities," where they "play a sort of literary solitaire in which psychological puppets serve for real people" and their critics can "destroy . . . the life-work of serious writers who are outside the party." The nub of Mr. Brooks's distress is in the "treason" the avant-garde is committing against the cause of liberalism by "withdrawing from the interests of society, [leaving it] to the devil, so that the course of rebarbarization which we are said to be following continues unchecked by influences of the literary order."

The ogre Mr. Brooks is essaying against is really quite a good-sized flock of windmills. He would appear to be dismayed by seeming conformity of the postwar generation, that someone, a decade ago, labelled the "silent generation," and in his distress he is accusing it of the sins of many of its immediate elders. The writers' conferences are of, by, and for workaday writers who are striving toward marketing a product at the highest possible price. His comments on reviews and coteries of critics obviously are aimed at the Southern-dominated "New Critics"; and it is no wonder that he and other viewers-with-dismay are confused, for a quick survey of the tables of contents of the quarterlies shows the same old names, time, after time, and the less well-established the magazine the larger the proportion of them.

Yet a close examination of American literary magazines—or even better, of the anthologies and selections of new writing, both paperbound and in hard covers—shows that there is a new generation of writers who sing an entirely different tune from the avant-garde song of yesterday. They are not Romantics, as were the "Literary Radicals" of Van Wyck Brooks's generation; they are not overt revolutionists like those of the thirties; they certainly do not preach the pure aesthetics of the New Critics. These are the people Mr. Brooks accuses of withdrawing from society, yet they are not out of touch with contemporary problems, even though they suggest rather than exhort. They do not attempt to overthrow the "new barbarism," as Mr. Brooks calls it, of a society organized into excessive conformity, but to investigate the problems involved in remaining civilized in such a society.

THE YOUNGER writers differ from the Literary Radicals not so much in objectives as in strategy, not only because a direct involvement in demonstrations and overt propagandizing has proved ineffective, but also because they, unlike many of their predecessors from the First World War era, have no "little income" from inheritance to fall back on. They earn a living in the literary marketplace, in the universities, or from many kinds of part-time work, and they publish their serious writing wherever they can. They have infiltrated the literary magazines—whose founders in bygone years deserved Mr. Brooks' censure—displacing all but a few of the New Critic big names, who appear in most quarterlies simply as a promotional device. In addition, many of them have developed techniques for writing seriously in popular forms or converting conventional literature to serve unconventional ends.

This generation is called "silent" because it does not man any barricades. For them, politics is obsolete. America venerates youth, but is run by accident-prone old men. The young feel that their obligation is to find psychological and spiritual wholeness, and to survive. They do not know what kind of world they want, but they know it would not be approved of by their elders and it would not fit into the tight organization of the United States today; thus they know what they are against, if not exactly what they are for. In England the analogous phenomenon, the "Spiv Revolution," has been carefully analyzed in books like George Scott's *Time and Place* and Richard Hoggart's *The Uses of Literacy*. The situation is far more complex in the United States, but in general our young writers come from backgrounds that would not have produced artists a few generations back, and they are not —as were the proletarian writers of the thirties—on the defensive about it. They have gained their power through reacting against most of the influences at work on them, and to be heard at all they must be very, very crafty.

Very few are able to employ the strategy of Vladimir Nabokov and Bernard Wolfe, who mock the form they write in with such skill that they infiltrate the conventional by the use of it. American spivs (called hipsters) like the San Franciscans can only gradually win national recognition through their odd mannerisms. Many must (if they can afford it) publish their own work first in private editions, as did James Purdy; and some find it advisable, even then, to use pen-names to keep their artistic reputations distinct from what they do for a living. One of the most lively and promising young writers signs his unclassifiable book (part poem, part essay, part novel), *Universe Inside Me*, with the name "Lawrence Barth," sells it by mail order from Box 99, Village Station, and peddles it to bookshops on his day off.

THE young poet outside San Francisco is in the worst predicament. Hardly anyone but another poet will buy books of new poetry today; and very few buy literary magazines for the sake of the poetry in them. Although such collections as Ballantine Books' *New Poems* appear occasionally, their tables of contents show only old poets. The San Franciscans won their issue of *Evergreen Review* after publishing their own works, sometimes in very experimental format. In New York City the off-Broadway success of *The Threepenny*

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Opera has encouraged the production of other verse-plays set to music, and several are scheduled for production, including one by Arnold Weinstein, one of the most interesting of young New York poets.

IN POETRY the spirit of the younger generation seems formative, however, while in fiction it is firm and clear. Their style is sensitive, yet vigorously idiomatic. They have a strong sense of time and place, yet are not satisfied to play on the picturesqueness of local color or rely on the sentimental sophistication of *The New Yorker*. Most significant of all is the way, in spite of the variety of technique and setting, their works fit together and complement one another. Perhaps the young writers of today have simply not come to the stage yet where internecine wars will distinguish some of them as leaders of an avant-avant-garde and the rest as either followers or dissidents. If this does occur, it will be an unusual kind of organization, for—always excepting the Californians—few of them have had personal contact with any of the others, or are likely to, for they are scattered over the whole country. Moreover, although they are written about a great deal, there is no criticism that guides or influences their work, and there is no single critic who seems entirely to understand what they are up to. Kenneth Rexroth can do nothing but praise his San Franciscans, while he says nothing about the rest. Norman Mailer has written much on the hipsters from Greenwich Village, but he himself is seeking a way from the political allegory that *The Naked and the Dead* really was to something akin to the silent generation's theme. Nelson Algren is struggling away from the influence of Naturalism, and although he is the established writer the hipsters feel most kinship with, his problem is as great as theirs.

No matter what direction they may take in the future, it seems evident that the writers of the silent generation are something entirely new, unlike the Marxists who emerged from the Literary Radical movement and the New Critics whose solidarity grew out of opposition to the Literary Radicals. Their view of the world is more practical and realistic than that of their predecessors, and is based on a perspective of longer range, unlimited by national boundaries. The books they read, from the fragmentary views of the sociologists, psychologists, and Colin Wilson to the comprehensive survey of Roderick Seidenberg in *Posthistoric Man,* show but different aspects of the predicament they feel themselves to be in: because of the encroachment of technology on every part of life, society has become inhumanly organized. The young writers and thinkers know that they cannot overthrow this mechanized tyranny, for it has come about only because it provides comfort, security, and plenty, and demands only surrender of the individuality that most people did not know they had anyway. Science-fiction appeals to less artistic-minded young intellectuals because it, in a subliterary way, gropes also in the problems of remaining human in the face of the standardization of contemporary society and the social configurations that seem likely to come.

In his introduction to a volume of O. Henry prize stories, Paul Engle pointed out that serious stories fall into three dominant categories: economic and social pressures on people, racial tensions, and "the shock and revelation of the child." These three are really but aspects of one theme. The integrity of the child fighting his elders' attempts to stultify his individuality; the conflict between traditional classification of people by race, nationality, or religion, as opposed to accepting each individual as unique; the pressures of social and economic organization on the individual—these are all aspects of the adjustment of the human being to mechanism.

The rebel of today is not on the barricades nor is he ignoring the battle. He is neither offering a grand plan for saving society, nor is he an anarchist; he is neither yogi nor commissar. Evidence of his ability to remain himself while making his way in a mass-production society shows up in the least likely places, as did the "Kilroy Was Here" graffiti during the war. In advertisements and on American television programs one can often catch glimpses of subtle criticism for the conformist banality that paid the bill. And from the novels, stories, poems and plays of new writers both plain and subtle there is emerging a creative view of man's predicament and his power. It is a shame, however, that their protective coloration sometimes fools even the people who might approve of the writers of the American silent generation.

Out of his Brother's Shadow

by Melvin J. Friedman

THE SITUATION of the "neglected" brother of the celebrated writer has been given almost mythical significance in our century. Francisco García Lorca has depended largely on his playwright brother's position for his own literary success. Only recently have Sir Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell emerged from the shadow of Dame Edith's reputation.

My Brother's Keeper: James Joyce's Early Years, by Stanislaus Joyce, edited with an introduction and notes by Richard Ellmann; preface by T. S. Eliot (Viking; $5).

Now Stanislaus Joyce plays this unenviable role with the publication of his memoirs. He has the added protection of a preface by T. S. Eliot, who insists that with *My Brother's Keeper* Stanislaus "became himself a writer, and the author of this one book which is worthy to occupy a permanent place on the bookshelf beside the works of his brother." Yet those of us with long memories will recall similar pronouncements which Eliot has made in other prefaces, such as the one to Djuna Barnes' *Nightwood* (". . . it is so good a novel that only sensibilities trained on poetry can wholly appreciate it.")

My Brother's Keeper is disarmingly unpretentious; it does not try to pass final judgment on James Joyce. Stanislaus humbly offers, in a casually arranged series of inspired jottings, a few suggestions as to how we might approach Joyce's work more profitably. His diary habit is a convenient means for developing character through anecdote. Stanislaus, borrowing from his recollections of the first 22 years of James' life, assumes

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the vantage point of the younger brother —three years separate them—who writes out of a sense of devotion.

THE PORTRAIT which emerges is clearly different from that of Joyce's literary alter ego, Stephen Dedalus. In many ways it is more sympathetic; in others more crucially damning. Stanislaus manages to substantiate disputed aspects of the Joyce myth. We discover that the miraculous tenor voice which once accompanied John McCormack was equal to the occasion and that most of the details of the friendship with Oliver St. John Gogarty, the doctor-litterateur who became the model for Buck Mulligan, are authentic. The early devotion to Ibsen is elaborately qualified:

> . . . my brother stayed up that night to read the play [*The Master Builder*]. In the morning I must have been the first to come down for I found the large arm-chair pulled near to the extinguished hearth and the table to the arm-chair. The lamp had been pulled to the edge of the table so that the table-cover drooped on the floor. The whole room bore witness that he had read late into the night. My brother had been keeping vigil to hear the message from Norway of the younger generation that sooner or later comes knocking at the door.

Joyce's singular dedication to Ibsen ended in his youthful essay "Ibsen's New Drama" in the *Fortnightly Review*.

Stanislaus is quick, however, to point out the flaws in his brother's character. James was not above an occasional mild form of literary kleptomania. (We are reminded of Joyce's now-famous remark to Frank Budgen, "Have you ever noticed, when you get an idea, how much *I* can make of it?") He appropriated from Stanislaus the titles for *Stephen Hero* and *Chamber Music* and possibly a model for the interior monologue technique. Yet James always seemed reluctant to acknowledge these sources and frequently even played a clever game of deception to confuse his commentators.

The first meetings with the dramatist J. M. Synge, and with Lady Gregory, the high priestess of the Gaelic Revival, are transposed from fable into fact. The friendship with Yeats is treated more exhaustively. Stanislaus rescues the first encounter with the Irish poet from the legendary:

> It is reported that at their first meeting my brother said to Yeats, "I regret that you are too old to be influenced by me"; and it seems that my brother always denied the story. To the best of my recollection it is at least substantially correct, though perhaps Jim may have phrased it somewhat differently.

In the end James seems to come off better than this anecdote would suggest. "He [Joyce] considered that he was more gifted than his coevals, but he recognized that Yeats had more poetical talent, and to me he said so repeatedly."

PERHAPS the most engrossing sections of Stanislaus' memoirs deal with the perplexing "epiphany." In *Stephen Hero* it was defined as "a sudden spiritual manifestation . . . the most delicate and evanescent of moments." It has remained a central aspect of Joyce's work and has been fondly reworked, by his devotees, into an artistic credo. Now Stanislaus shows us several "epiphanies" in their original experimental form—diary substitutes ("Jim never kept a diary at any time in his life") penned as brief prose poems. Dream and reality mingle curiously in certain of them, as in the one where Stanislaus is made to inhabit the body of a dog:

> Dull clouds have covered the sky. Where three roads meet and before a swampy beach a big dog is recumbent. From time to time he lifts his muzzle in the air and utters a prolonged sorrowful howl. People stop to look at him and pass on; some remain, arrested, it may be, by that lamentation in which they seem to hear the utterance of their own sorrow that had once its voice but is now voiceless, a

Prognosis

PETRARCH watched a plague: it took
Half of Europe, says my book.
Now of course they've found the rat;
Anyway, half lived — and yet

Fear of missiles, thick and vague,
Spreads its palsy like a plague;
Fear breeds fear; the insecure
Vaccinate themselves — with fear.

Flesh, that to uranium
Seems a power-vacuum,
Cannot linger uncommitted:
Sooner, later, all are pitted.

Saved from Mao and Molotov,
Millions come away from suave
Doctor Dulles, Doctor Nixon,
Rabid with their anti-toxin.

Millions more, on Khrushchev's serum,
Rage with fear of those that fear them:
Shadows prowl at every back;
All precaution is attack.

Still, the books will skimp it, if
Here and there a spasm of life
Raises on the ruins one
Knowing cross of bone on bone.

Schoolboy Chaucer feared the bog,
Fled from shapes of mist and fog.
We can grin, and blame the flea:
Air, we know, kills boundlessly.

GEORGE STARBUCK

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servant of laborious days. Rain begins to fall.

Even with Stanislaus' almost unique concern with giving a full-length portrait of his brother's early years, he still manages to fill in an oblique image of himself. We have what amounts to a direct transcription of his thoughts, with something of the spontaneous quality of stream-of-consciousness writing. Richard Ellmann, in his able introduction, speaks of Stanislaus as playing "Sancho Panza . . . to James's Don Quixote." Stanislaus' sacrifice to knight-errantry (exile) was remarkably genuine since "for 49 years he did not re-enter an English-speaking country." He remained faithful to his cult of expatriation by setting himself up as a professor at the University of Trieste. James' restless odyssey between Paris, Trieste, and Zurich, on the other hand, periodically brought him back to Dublin, which made his Ulyssean penance less severe than his brother's. The image of Stanislaus as the reliable and dependable is opposed at every turn to the headstrong, often inconsiderate figure, complete with ashplant, who wandered the streets of Dublin with keen obstinacy and defiance.

It is regrettable that Stanislaus died before the completion of *My Brother's Keeper*. He succeeded, fortunately, in filling in the juxtaposed portraits of himself and his brother as young men. Professor Ellmann assures us that "if he had lived to finish his book, he would have told how in Trieste, from 1905 to 1915, he saved his brother from dubious friends, from dissipation, and from the greater danger of inertia." He might also have explained the change in their relationship after 1919, the details of their three meetings after 1920, and the circumstances concerning his rejection of his brother's last book, *Finnegans Wake*. As it was, Stanislaus died on Bloomsday (June 16) 1955—one of the few fortuitous coincidences of literary history.

My Brother's Keeper is indeed a worthy successor to Stuart Gilbert's edition of the Joyce letters which appeared in 1957. The two taken together are an ideal substitute for the writer's diary. Stanislaus' book is more than just another word-game evaluation of a difficult writer. It adds new material and a fresh approach to one of the "condemned playgrounds" of contemporary literature.

THEATRE

F. D. R. on the Stage

Sunrise at Campobello is a surprisingly gallant and touching effort. One is surprised because the subject—Franklin Roosevelt in the period from his attack of polio to his nominating speech for Al Smith in 1924—seems quite unlikely as the theme of a Broadway play. It does not appear to lend itself to dramatic treatment; it is exceptionally liable to false touches of one sort or another; it arouses too many irrelevant emotions; and it would seem too close in time and temper for persuasive presention on the stage. One is surprised too because the author, the former head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, might have been expected to approach the subject with some of the glossy extravagance so characteristic of the products of his studio. Yet the play is modest and self-effacing, austerely simple in design, convincing in dialogue and characterization and admirably effective in evoking a generation's memories of the greatest American political leader of our time.

Sunrise at Campobello, by Dore Schary (Cort Theatre).

The play opens with Roosevelt, strong and active, returning from a day's exercise at Campobello to complain of pain and numbness in his legs. There follows the struggle for his future, with his mother arguing for retirement at Hyde Park while his wife and Louis Howe strive to sustain his interest in public affairs and Franklin himself works to recover movement in his muscles. In the climax of the second act, Franklin asserts himself against his mother; and in the third act he makes his return to political life. The final curtain shows him walking painfully on crutches to begin his Madison Square Garden speech for Smith.

The quality of the play is evocative rather than creative. It does not offer a set of fully realized characters. I do not know how much it would mean to someone who has never heard of Roosevelt. But it does offer a set of figures into which the viewer can pour his own recollections and sense of reality. To say this is certainly not to deprecate Dore Schary's writing achievement. It would have been so easy to estrange the audience—so easy to violate one's images of Roosevelt, of Louis Howe, of Eleanor Roosevelt, of Al Smith—by portentous writing or soap-opera characterization or pure corniness. But Mr. Schary does not trivialize or sentimentalize or poeticize his characters or their conflicts. If one does not feel them recreated, one does not feel them betrayed; one does feel them honestly and intelligently reported.

The actors sustain the playwright's intention with remarkable success. Ralph Bellamy's Roosevelt is an astonishing performance. The temptation to mimicry must have been extreme, with the cigarette holder, the smile, the upthrust jaw and so on; but Mr. Bellamy, while employing the mannerisms and the props, keeps them wholly subordinate to a thoughtful and strong rendition of Roosevelt's inner character. He catches the tone, the cadence of speech, the warmth of personality, as well as the invalid's despair and hope. Little could have been more unexpected than this performance, or more satisfying. Henry Jones' Louis Howe is in a more conventional theatrical style, but is carried out with immense bravura, wit and charm. As Eleanor Roosevelt, Mary Fickett resists even more than Mr. Bellamy the temptation to mimicry. While she suggests less physical resemblance to her original than the others, her acting has grace and conviction. Mr. Alan Bunce gives an elegant impression of Al Smith. The director, Mr. Vincent J. Donehue, undoubtedly deserves credit for the good taste of a production which, in less restrained hands than his own and Mr. Schary's, might so easily have erred in the direction of sentimentality or vulgarity.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

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ART

Sir Winston at the Easel

"BOTH our professions," the old theatre cat once said to Mehitabel, "are being ruined by amateurs." Painting is a third profession getting its knocks from spare time enthusiasts. Artist supply houses have never had it so good and from the President down about every third businessman in the country sooner or later rises to testify that painting helps him keep his head when all about are losing theirs. From all quarters painting is boomed as cheaper than psychiatry, more dignified than Miltown, less fraught with consequence than blonds and horses. And there is no better time to think about amateur painting and the havoc it is wreaking than now, with the imminent arrival of the first one man show by the world's most distinguished amateur painter at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The painter, of course, is Sir Winston Churchill. It should be said, at once, that Sir Winston seems to have had nothing to do with the cross-country shenanigans accompanying his show; the best lesson Sir Winston has for his fellow amateurs everywhere is that he has been painting for 40 years and this is his first exhibition. He appears an extremely reluctant party to an enterprise involving such disparate souls as Carl Byoir and Associates, the celebrated public- and legislative-relations counsel; Byoir's client, the Hallmark greeting card company of Kansas City and the Hallmark president, Joyce Hall, benefactor of K. C.'s Nelson Gallery, where the show opened—incidentally breaking all attendance records in spite of nine inch snow; the ubiquitous editor of *Art News*, Dr. Alfred Frankfurter, who contributes an appreciation to the hard-bound color-plated catalogue; and ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States, who writes the forward.

It should also be noted that Sir Winston's paintings are nowhere near as bad as those of hundreds of American amateurs who wouldn't wait 40 weeks let alone 40 years for a one man show. At his best, his work is straight middle-of-the-road representation of picturesque scenes. Appropriately, most of the scenes are those of leisure—not only the actually rather stiff "Bottlescape," but especially the landscapes. Southern France, North Africa, Venice, English weekend country furnish the subject as holidays furnished the occasions. The focus is almost always the middle distance, so that nothing need be scrutinized too closely and perspective can take care of itself.

Perspective doesn't always take care of itself. As a matter of fact there is plenty of evidence that the painter finds it a damned tricky thing to handle and has therefore kept returning to it, coming back again and again to the receding avenue of trees and botching it every time.

More typical is the middle distance, with the chief elements all on the same plane and that plane parallel to the picture plane, with the ground or water between that plane and the bottom of the picture "vamped" in much the way a popular pianist pretends to be intimately familiar with a song he's never heard before. Occasionally Sir Winston shadowboxes perspective by superimposing a sharply foreground tree, rock or building against that middle distance plane with nothing at all in between.

The flower pictures suffer from perspective trouble, too, and the single interior—a corner tapestry at Blenheim palace—is chiefly noteworthy for a rather cavalier remark in the Byoir news release about the "guilt furnishings and accessories so natural to such an environment."

What relationship, if any, these style notes have to the style in statesmanship or history writing, I haven't the slightest idea, but offer them freely to any political student interested.

THE basic reason that the apostles of painting for the businessman have taken up painting in the first place is that they are so thoroughly enmeshed in pushing themselves in a competitive business and social world that they desperately need to break off, to get away, to do something alone without reference to the relative position of anyone else. Painting offers such a break, but habit reasserts itself with discouraging speed and painting is quickly absorbed into the drive for power. Recognition replaces recreation as the reason for painting. The businessman painter rapidly becomes the businessman exhibitor. Accustomed to success and aware of the fact that most artists have never met a payroll, he moves easily to a respect for the enduring value of his own work and the conviction that most professionals don't know what they're doing. His interest in the art institution is limited to bribing, cajoling or threatening its management until his work is hung. One clear result of this is the erosion of the traditional artist-dealer relationship and the growth in New York and elsewhere of what can only be called vanity galleries, where the painter pays to have a one man show.

It is no accident that the growth of aggressive amateur painting has paralleled the decline of craft standards in American painting. If the professional is exclusively interested in expressing his subconscious, what the hell, Archie, the amateur has a subconscious, too.

FRANK GETLEIN

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Still Looking Back

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR. in *The New Republic* of December 23, sought some cross-cultural reason why *Look Back in Anger* was so popular in both New York and London, and attributed the play's appeal mainly to implicit homosexuality in its chief character: Jimmy Porter. It is true, as he noted, that homosexuality is a recurrent theme in the theatre at present, and that it is a crowd-puller. His suggestion is original and he makes out a case for it, but I think it is overstated because of a mistaken desire to find reasons for the plays popularity which are valid for both cities.

When the play appeared in London it had, at face value, little about it that would appeal to the usual theatre audience there, which is itself worth sociological study. The play originally secured presentation in a theatre outside the beat of the average theatre-goer. Structurally it has no plot to speak of (the commonest ordinary comment upon it was that it "had no point"). There are only three relationships between characters in the play, none of which is fully exploited or pursued by the author throughout the play's duration; and in each of which the same character is one of the participants. Because of this, the thesis that the relationship between Jimmy Porter and the loyal friend is central to the play's popularity exaggerates. All these relationships are only a weak framework upon which the author hung Jimmy's outbursts. Jimmy and Jimmy alone is the centerpiece: he is there all the time in all his squalid glory, a character for whom nobody feels sympathy surrounded by other characters who equally strike no human chords, except for Alison who may have provided catharsis for married women of the audience.

To evaluate the impact of the play, critics must hark to what came out of Jimmy's mouth; and what came out was richer *spoken* language than has been heard on the English stage for a long time: a language full of the idiom and character of the real society, recognizable, the most living talk that never reaches the ears of those who are professionally creative. It is not surprising that Osborne's choice for its spokesman is a working-class boy who had an education sponsored by the state; for he would be full of the jokes shared by our people, shuffled about in the mobile speech that can be found anywhere outside the institutions which restrict creative discourse to conventional forms, like the BBC, the theatre, British films, journals and education. Osborne's hero is suspended between classes. He springs from one in which he can never reenlist because it will never be able to satisfy him; and he is repelled by the training he must undergo, the demeanor he must adopt, to qualify for a commission in the other class.

Class is the key, trite though that should be now, and the simple frustration-aggression hypothesis that has been so often worked-over provides the most plausible explanation of the plays vogue. A joke like the one Jimmy made about envying "Gide and the Greek Chorus Boys" is a *joke*. Taken from context, taken literally, it does support the homosexual thesis; but back in its surroundings it does not. It is the kind of joke about sex which young men of some intelligence do crack, and more importantly it has in England a *class* overtone: to the working-class the joke-homosexual usually has a very upper-middle accent. Jimmy's accent emanates from the industrial North, and he never went to Oxford or Cambridge to lose it. To quote from Mr. Schlesinger who decries the intellectual frustration analysis of Jimmy's anger: "Opportunity to rise from the working class has never been so great here."

This is true, but it ignores the price to be paid at each toll-gate on the way up. There is little empirical material on social mobility in Britain since the arrival of the Welfare State, but what there is reveals great disappointment for egalitarians. At Oxford 13 percent of the undergraduates are from working-class homes, and at Cambridge only nine percent. English society largely revolves around Oxford and Cambridge, not to mention the system of private education before the University stage is reached. If one takes the total working-class population, and the probable incidence of high measured intelligence in that population, and estimates the numbers of capable brains suitable potentially for higher education, the system does not look so good. Despite our state education, we still have the lowest student population in Europe.

OBVIOUSLY much ability never reaches its proper avenue of development. Remember too that reaching a University is not the whole escape story: nobody yet knows what happens to the working-class intelligentsia when they do graduate. Perhaps they do not keep sweet-stalls, but they do become commercial travellers. Perhaps they, with the others who ceased their education before they reached University level, are frustrated sufficiently to find themselves somewhere in plays like *Look Back in Anger*. You are the more frustrated if you have been allowed to clutch at that which is just beyond your reach.

More commonsensically, perhaps, the play did say a lot about butts which are the target of many jokes in Britain: there was the joke above, and its companions, jokes about Sunday newspapers, journalism, reviewing, religion, the sexes, class, education, interstitched with the invective. Lastly, while very few people enjoy a scene between husband and wife in public, for that is what this play is throughout, let us not forget that there is a species of theatre-goer that is only too ready to hang onto an actor's every word, especially if that word be "bloody" or "bastard."

LESLIE CORINA

Oxford University

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

sat unmolested in their privileged sanctuary, ruling the roost, controlling literary opinion, and collecting the cash. Not that it's a matter for pique. The fact is, as Mr. Howe suggests, that a significant cultural criticism these days is by nature a criticism of middle-brow culture.

I'm glad the *NR* continues to enliven its review section, at a time when on the whole the reviews in the liberal weeklies are indistinguishable from those in the *New York Times Book Review,* itself at an all time low in intelligence and integrity.

RICHARD CHASE
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

". . . radically anti-Protestant"

Now that we know that *By Love Possessed* is anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, and anti-Negro, perhaps I may be allowed to point out that it is radically anti-Protestant. The anti-Protestantism is the more effective as it is insidious and indirect. In this account Protestantism is a mere culture-religion, purely formal and coldly rational, having no more function than to reflect the prejudices of a particular class in society.

However, we shall not understand the impact of the novel by noting the racial and religious prejudices of the author, any more than we can gain significant insight by engaging in shrewd sociological analyses. The basic appeal of the book rests upon elementary traits of human nature. What made the reading of it an exhilarating experience for so many people—yes, I said *exhilarating!*—is that here we have, for the first time in a long, long while, the presentation of man as a rational animal—with the emphasis, as in Aristotle, on the rationality more than on the animality. This is no more Protestant middle class, than it is 19th Century Victorian, or 18th Century Age of Reason, or Stoic, or Epicurean, or Confucian, or classical Greek. But it is, as many humanists, both Christian and non-Christian, have always believed, distinctively human. If man, with all his frailities and failings, cannot be at last free, rational, and responsible in his conduct, then he simply is not man.

Cozzens' book has to be understood against a considerable background of literature which, for many years, has been saying just the opposite about human nature. It has been saying that man is a maniac, or a moron, or a bastard, or a bitch; that he is the hopeless victim of impulse and passion; that he is ruled, not by reason, but by lust and by rapacity; that he is a creature rootless, hopeless, and loveless. To be told once again, as in the grand tradition, that man is an intelligent being who can govern his life by moral principle — this is such a novelty in our time as to take on the character of pure sensationalism.

I concede to Irving Howe that there are grave deficiencies in sensitivity and in sentiment. But I am not aware that other recent literature has celebrated these two values in their finest and noblest dimensions. I grant also that a man who is by reason possessed is not the same as a man who is by love possessed. Nevertheless, when reason has been out of the picture for so long a time, we can, for the moment, welcome its return in almost any condition.

ROBERT E. FITCH, *Dean*
Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, California

► *Educating the Educators*

SIRS:

I WAS disappointed to see *The New Republic* publish a basically destructive article on teacher colleges (whatever their shortcomings), and refer, in a January 20th editorial, to "the cheapening of education by confusing it with entertaining instruction in how to get along—."

Anxiety makes strange bedfellows. Chambers of commerce worrying only about taxes, journals with Republican loyalties looking for a scapegoat for defense lags, and those intellectuals who can conceive of education only in terms of the development of intellects of their own kind, all chorus the unsupported accusation of "softness."

Modern school teachers are trying both to train the intellects of their students and at the same time to prepare

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them in other respects for life. Medical educators have the same interrelated aims because they know that intellectual training alone will not make a good physician.

School people themselves have been calling attention to the inadequacies in teacher recruitment and training, the inadequacies in curricula and facilities, for two decades. I think they are doing better than could be expected considering the heartbreaking and inexcusable handicaps under which they work.

BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.
Cleveland, Ohio

► *The Problem of Plenty*

SIRS:

BEING A FARMER, I was surprised and disturbed by John Black's article "1958 on the Farm—The Problem of Plenty" (December 30) and your apparent endorsement of it and the "progressive" Committee for Economic Development group. I fail to see anything progressive in a free market for farm products while labor and industry operate in a closed and rigidly controlled and protected market.

The inevitable result of such a policy is the destruction of the independent farmer and the rise of the corporation farm. It is very doubtful if the consumer would benefit from a production monopoly in food and fiber.

The present program is of course failing partly because of the hostility of and mismanagement by the miscalled Secretary of Agriculture and partly because of hostile propaganda. Something new and effective should be developed to replace it. That something is not the old discredited free market. The basic flaw in Black's argument is in the theory that low prices will cut production. This can happen only if the producer has absolute control over production and marketing as in auto manufacture for example. This without government help is not possible in agriculture. The other possibility is to produce some other product for which there is a profitable demand. We dirt farmers know how limited the possibilities are. As for efficiency, I think that the American farmer is the most efficient producer of agricultural products the world has ever seen.

ARNE KERO
Frederick, South Dakota

► *Call Me Mister*

SIRS:

I READ Morton Cronin's article on "The Tyranny of Democratic Manners" (*NR*, January 20) with interest and admiration. A defense of the rights of adults against children, visitors against bumptious mutts, and of the fundamental liberty *not* to be a Good Guy is long overdue. However, I would like to dissent from one point in Cronin's indictment of our spurious egalitarianism: his reference to the employment of academic titles. I have observed over the years that there is almost invariably a direct correlation between lavish use of Doctor and Professor on a campus and low salaries, the titles perhaps supplying psychic remuneration. It is on the basis of good, Gompers'-style trade unionism, therefore —not inverted snobbery—that I insist "Just Call Me Mister."

JOHN P. ROCHE
Professor of Politics
Brandeis University

► *Research on Lewis Browne*

SIRS:

THE letters and a biography of the late author, Lewis Browne, are being prepared for publication. Should you have correspondence or any subject matter relating to the life of this author your material will be of vital importance in aiding this task. Such records will be kept in confidence and returned if requested. Address: Mrs. Milton Browne Tarlow, 3751 Northeast 29th Avenue, Portland 12, Oregon.

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